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AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. Phædo. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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ON GRADATION IN MUSIC.

WE mean by gradation in music, as well as in the other fine arts, the progress from low to high, or from piano to forte, according to the laws of nature; which do not allow any sudden leap, but require a gradual and regular development. This gradation has become a law which no composer or player can pass by; since all truth and probability in musical representation depend upon it. It is double: either external, physical; or internal, spiritual.

The first is the gradual rising and falling in the external appearance of musical pieces; the second is the rising and falling of the same, as affected by and corresponding to the rising and falling of our internal life, our feelings and passions. Music being considered not only as a play of sounds, but as the language of our feelings, must correspond with the claims which we make on language; that is, its contents must answer to the quantity and quality of the feelings which are represented; they must be distinctly perceived by its expression; in short, there must be truth in its representation, and the external form of music must correspond with its meaning. In our internal life nothing is done by leaps, but each succeeding sentiment is gradually developed from the former by defined laws; unless an external excitement removes the existing feeling, giving suddenly to the powers of the soul another direction; and in like manner musical thoughts must be gradually developed from the preceding ones, and have the same relation to each other that the affections of the soul have.

We further observe, that our emotions change every moment, being now stronger and now weaker, according to the importance of the ideas or images

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which pass before our souls ; and to this also the musical expression must correspond, in order to be true and really effective. A piece of music thus composed and represented, may, in composition and performance, truly be called expressive.

But even if we do not lay this high standard on music, but consider it merely as a play of tones, calculated and designed, by change and variety, to excite our senses, and by a gentle irritation of our nervous system, to create a feeling of pleasure and delight, we require of it this gradation, without which it would become tediously monotonous. For instance, the Æolian harp, which can only be considered as a pure play of tones, would soon tire us out by its monotony, if it did not give a constant rising and falling, an uninterrupted gradual change from low to high, from piano to forte.

STATE OF MUSIC IN RUSSIA.

(Continued from page 4.)

CHAMBER MUSIC.

AMATEURS abound at St. Petersburg ; but they seem to be confined to three instruments, the piano, violin and violoncello. Wind instruments are scarcely cultivated at all ; and even singing is not in vogue ; a circumstance which explains, in part, the languishing state of the lyric drama. Professors of the piano, violin and violoncello, may consider success as certain in this city : each of these has been represented, during last winter, by a great celebrity, Haenselt, Vieuxtemps, and Servais. Before I speak of these artists, I shall devote a few lines to the amateurs to be found among the Russian aristocracy.

In the first rank may be placed the two counts Michel and Mathieu Wilheour-ski. The former is a composer of considerable merit—not content with being the friend of Boieldieu and Cherubini, he has aspired to be their rival : some pieces from his pen have been published by MM. Schlesinger at Paris and Berlin, and received the stamp of public approbation. The Count Mathieu is a violoncellist of rare talent, and inferior to Servais alone.

The residence of these noblemen is the rendezvous of all the foreign artists, to whom it offers the most frank and cordial hospitality. There I have heard executed some quatuors of Mendelssohn, which, though of deserved reputation in Russia and Germany, are little known elsewhere, and the interpretation was worthy of the author. The Colonel Lwof, of whom I have already spoken, is a violinist of the first order : such, indeed, is his merit, and that of Count Mathieu, on their respective instruments, that they have frequently replaced Vieuxtemps and Servais in these quatuors, without detriment to the effect. The great skill of amateurs will appear the more surprising when I add, that most of them are engaged in serious occupations that absorb much of their time. I cannot here omit to mention Prince Odoeski, an excellent musician and pianist ; Princes Gregoire Wolkonski and Michel Kotchoubéi—the former a superior bass singer, the latter a tenor ; and the two brothers, Pachkof, both clever musicians and singers. Were I to speak of pianists in general, I should never end : suffice it to say, that the piano is at least as much cultivated as in Paris, with the difference arising from the absence of a middle class in Russian society.

I have already said that singing is not much in vogue ; yet it arises from a scarcity of models, not of voices. The Countess Rossi (Sontag), resident here for some years past, might have given an impulse to this branch of the art—it is probable that, having been but recently admitted within the aristocratic pale, she is diffident as to dictating laws to her order, even those of the art whose banners she has quitted. Be it as it may, her influence has been null, though she has given some brilliant *matinées musicales*, when a select circle of her friends had

ample evidence that repose had done nothing to impair her admirable voice, whether as regards execution or power.

Among vocal amateurs may be mentioned Mdlle. de Bartenief, one of the ladies of honour, who possesses a ravishing voice; and one of the young princesses Labanof, once a pupil of Bordogni, whose only fault is too great timidity. Madame la Baronne Fuhrman is of Italian birth and education, and has only been resident here within a few months; but her talents are too remarkable to be passed over in silence. There are two professors of Italian singing, MM. Rubini and Soliva; their system is excellent, but, not being themselves singers, they lie under the disadvantage of inability to offer a model to their pupils. The number of German artists is very great—excellent musicians, but ever seeking to direct the public taste more towards instrumental than vocal music. Their influence is very remarkable. Far removed from their country, they have acquired here a national *amour-propre* scarcely found in Germany itself, and have succeeded in persuading the Russians to pin their faith to the supremacy of German music.

It remains for me to speak of the three celebrities that I have met at St. Petersburg, Haenselt, Servais, and Vieuxtemps: the two latter have taken their departure, but the former will remain some time longer. It is difficult to say whether Haenselt is more distinguished as a player or as a composer. Some of his magnificent studies are known to the Parisians; but he has a large quantity of manuscript, destined for publication hereafter in Paris. I can hardly describe his talent. Less brilliant than Liszt and Thalberg, his performances have a charm that is exclusively their own, and which enthalls the attention. His manners are original, and marked by a certain abrupt frankness, but without any of the charlatanism that courts notice by singularity of personal appearance.

A word on pianofortes themselves. There are few square ones to be found, and no upright whatever; the objection to the space occupied by grand pianos being here of little importance, from the size of the apartments. The best are manufactured by Wirth, and are excellent—inferior, indeed, to the London instruments of Erard alone.

Servais is well known to us for the beauty of his tone and the fire of his execution, both of which remain unimpaired, and will probably be appreciated next winter in Paris.

Vieuxtemps has been a pupil of De Beriot, and has at command all the purity and finish of his school: as is the case with his master, the musical fire that animates him is neither communicated to his countenance nor to his person. On this account I have heard him unjustly reproached with coldness. Hear him, however, with closed eyes, and say then if he has any superior in passionate expression. A violinist should not be a mountebank; nor has he any occasion to express by gestures the alternations of *allegro furioso*, *innocente*, *scherzando*, and other musical colouring.

But Vieuxtemps is still more remarkable as a composer. Among several unpublished pieces that I heard of his writing, I shall specify his last concerto in E major, which is a first-rate work, and is in fact a complete symphony with violin solo; for the *tutti* parts are at least as interesting as the rest. The scoring is rich and bold; the ideas new and elevated; and it is hardly conceivable that so great a work can have been imagined by one whose age does not exceed twenty years.

Military music will form the subject of my next.

(To be continued.)

SCHILLER'S SONG OF THE BELL.

(Concluded from page 22.)

THE master's next order leads to a reflection on the power of fire, followed by a description of its ravages, which is given to a chorus of course. The chorus begins in D minor; but changes to D major, while it describes the blessings showered down from heaven in the fertilizing rain; and, again, as it describes

the lightning striking the dwellings of men, and the ravages of the fiery element through the city, it branches off in various modulations, until, with the extinction of the flames, it dies away in D minor again. With how few means has the composer here produced a great effect. The rolling pianissimo passages for the violins at the description of the rain; the continued tolling of the alarm bell, by the basses, when the lightning has struck;* the unison passages in quavers, repeated in different minor keys, picturing the flickering of the flames; the runs through the octave, rising a semitone at each bar, describing the rushing of the winds; all these give us a vivid picture of the dreadful spectacle which the words describe; and the whole comes to a solemn close in the slow unison passage, *decrecendo*, as the flames die away, introducing the words,

" All burnt over
Is the city :"—

in a monotonous but doleful strain, that makes a feeling of desolation creep over the heart.

" In the empty ruin'd walls,
Dwells dark horror :"

what a feeling of horror is awakened by the three notes on the dominant A, with its minor seventh, falling back to the minor second to the same note; the whole growing fainter and fainter, till it dies away in the minor chord on the key note D.

In a plaintive recitative, in the same desolate minor key, is described the situation of him who has lost all :—

" One look
In memory sad,
Of all he had,
Th' unhappy sufferer took."

Still he does not despair; because he

" Then found his heart might yet be glad,
However hard his lot to bear."

He sings the words of consolation in a sweet strain of resignation, in the major key; and all his "loved ones" join with him, repeating the words in canon.

Then comes another solo of the master, during which the bell is cast. This is followed by some of the most beautiful parts of the whole composition. First the chorus,

" To the dark lap of mother earth
We now confide what we have made,"

in A flat major, and, in a strain of religious trust and resignation so pure and touching as to border a little on sadness, though it expresses confidence. But the key changes to the relative minor in F, the key of deep and heart-rending sorrow; and the chorus passes into a march-like movement in three-fourths time :—

" Slow and heavy
Hear it swell."

We hear the death-knell tolling; we follow in the mournful procession; and at length listen to the story of the bereavement in a soprano recitative and air, which touches the heart with the deepest sympathy.

But the sadness of this scene is soon relieved; the poet introduces us to the rest and the pleasures of evening, after the labours of the day; and the com-

* The translation is here erroneous, owing to a misapprehension of the German word, which has a double meaning. Instead of

It should be,

" Moaning round that tower's form
Comes the storm."

" Moaning from that steeple's height
Comes the alarm bell."

poser paints the scene in a soprano solo—which, by the way, should not be given to an alto voice, as it has been when performed at the Odeon; the G above the lines is too high for such a voice. This is a pastoral air, and in it Romberg has playfully imitated the bleating of the flock, and introduced a few measures of a dance: but the scene changes; it becomes night; the melody passes into the minor key, and we hear the creaking of the city gates as they are shut.

Then follows a short apostrophe to order—

“Of common good the happy cause,”

in a duet for tenor and bass, with only a low-toned accompaniment of basses and bassoons, in C major. This is succeeded by a very effective chorus,

“A thousand active hands combined,
For mutual aid with zealous heart.”

This chorus is lively throughout; and the active bustle of business is depicted in the melody, by its rhythm of short periods, and by the character of its accompaniment. The rhythm is too apt to seduce the singer to give a *rinforzando* to the accented parts of the measure, giving all the force to them, and nearly dropping the unaccented parts. This is wrong: the accented notes are sufficiently felt of themselves, without any additional force; while mere mechanical accent always gives to music a vulgar expression. It also produces a merely mechanical effect, like giving a particular force to the accented syllables of the rhythm in reading or reciting a piece of poetry. The episode towards the close of this chorus is very effective—

“Kings glory in possessions wide,
We glory in our work well done.”

The expression of the music here is that of dignified self respect, uttered with genuine independence and good will. The composer has expressed the fulness of the self-satisfaction, by coming to a full cadence with these words.

A rather sudden transition from the key of G to the softer one of E flat, leads to the beautiful quartett “Gentle peace;” a short strain, but, by its beautiful, clear, smooth, and flowing harmony, highly expressive of its soul-moving subject. It is worthy of his great masters, Haydn and Mozart. The chorus should, by all means come in *pianissimo*, leaving the four leading voices of the quartett to be distinctly heard above it.

The bell is now cast and cooled; and the master gives directions for breaking up the mould, with a laudable anxiety for the success of the casting. This solo leads from the above key of E flat, through F, in which it always occurs, to a chorus in B flat. This is made up of mere reflections, and is written in an easy, conversational strain. The tenor opens it with the remark,

“The master may destroy the mould,
With careful hand and judgment wise,”

and the bass answers,

“But woe! in streams of fire if roll’d,
The glowing metal seek the skies,”—

in the same subject, but minor. This thought seems to strike them, and introduces a train of reflections which are pursued by all in chorus, the different parts taking up the theme one after another. The chorus at length changes to G minor, in a more weighty movement; and a vivid picture of a popular riot and rebellion is given. Compare this with the previous one describing the ravages of a conflagration. In the former the key of D minor was well suited to express the destruction and consequent desolation; in this, the key of G minor is not less suited to the expression of the restless and violent feelings. The running passages for the violins in the accompaniment, well depict the restless floating to and fro of the mob. The modulation to the purer key of E flat, at the words,

“Freedom and equal rights they call,”—

with the grand bass notes, is highly appropriate; but the tumult soon increases to the climax, when the chorus falls back to the original subject in the minor, at the words,

"Woe, woe to those who strive to light
The torch of truth by passion's fire,"—

and in this style the chorus ends.

The casting is now found to be successful, and the master's first thought is of Providence:—

"God has given us joy to night;"

and the composer continues a quiet and serene andante in the same key of B flat. But the joy for success soon breaks forth in a triumphant strain in D major, when he calls the workmen to the ceremony of giving a name to the bell, which he christens "Concordia;" and adds, in a choral-like strain,

"Most meet to express th' harmonious sound,
That calls to those in friendship bound;"*

which is repeated by the rest in chorus.

The master follows with a train of serious reflections on the destiny and usefulness of his work. This is a difficult piece to sing, especially where the key modulates into B flat; and, considering its difficulty, it is hardly effective enough. Both the conductor and the singer must take care to keep the time in the proper weight of movement, for any hurrying would appear too light for the subject. The arrangement of the words to the music, at the beginning of each strain, in the work as published here, is very awkward. Instead of bringing three quavers on the word "high," and one on each syllable of "over," one quaver should be given to "high," and two each to the syllables of "over;" and the same with "Near to the." This is according to the original.

The master then gives his last commands, which are for raising the bell from the pit in which it was cast; and the music is a fine accompaniment to the text,

"Altogether, altogether heave,"—

the tones rising and swelling, till the bell appears above ground.

The concluding chorus follows immediately; short, but most expressive:

"Joy to all within its bound;
Peace, its first, its latest sound."

The contrast here is beautiful: joy breaks forth in bold steps of thirds through the whole octave, forte; while peace steps gently, smoothly and lightly along, piano; grows still softer in the repetition; and finally dies away, pianissimo, in the breath of its own name. We reluctantly disturb this delightful impression by any further remarks; but we must add, that it is particularly important, in the performance of this chorus, to guard against hurrying, as this destroys its effect. The course should be the reverse; as the strain grows more piano, it should also grow slower to the end.

If we now cast a retrospective glance over the whole work, we shall perceive that the poet, with great art and beauty, has interwoven the bell with the whole history of man's existence. We shall also see that the composer has thoroughly studied his poem, and given it all that kind of dramatic effect which was necessary to its proper interest. He has nowhere sought for mere effect, but has confined himself to a simple and genuine expression of the text; has shown himself fertile in melody, and master of the art of composition. The more frequently and the more attentively the work is listened to, the more fully will its beauties shine forth, and the greater satisfaction will it afford. It is also well worthy of the careful examination of the student of music, as a genuine work of art.

* The translation is defective here. The original alludes to the worship at church: a literal translation is thus—

"To concord to most hearty union,
She calls the loving congregation."

THE MOST SUITABLE AGE TO BEGIN INSTRUCTION
IN SINGING.

SINGING forms the foundation of all musical education. All its other branches are nothing but imitations of singing. Each instrument sings in its own manner, in richer or more limited strains, in stronger or weaker tones; and in the character and equality of tone which the mechanism of the instrument allows. The difficulty of becoming entirely familiar with this mechanism requires undivided attention; therefore the general theory of music, the grammar of this art, must precede its particular instruction.

How can this be done better than when instruction in singing and theory go hand in hand? The fundamental rules of music keep pace with the gradually increasing flexibility of the voice: in learning to sing the correct notes, the pupil also learns the reading of the notes, the divisions of time, a knowledge of the different scales and keys, tone, accent, syncope, the doctrine of the chords, &c., all of which must be a necessary preparation for instrumental instruction, and whoever has laid this foundation will easier learn the mechanism of an instrument. The more easily to surmount the physical difficulties, is not alone the reason why we would make instruction in singing the foundation of all musical education: its influence must extend also to the pupil's intellect—to his whole internal being: its effect must be more than momentary; it must be lasting and operative for the whole future life.

We observe in fact, that in singing, there is created—besides the cultivation of the enunciation, besides the flexibility and refinement of the voice, and besides the education of the ear—a feeling for time, which is unconsciously engrafted upon the whole nature of the singer, and indelibly engraven upon his soul. Instrumental virtuosos have seldom or never such a nice, tender, instinctive sense of time and rhythm, on whatever instrument they may perform, as those who have first been singers, and have begun all musical instruction with singing. But this object is not always reached in lessons in singing; for there are innumerable singers, of every degree of perfection, that have no distinct sense of time. Private instruction is never particularly adapted for this purpose; and we therefore unhesitatingly give the preference to general instruction, or instruction in schools. The difference of character and temperament is blended in the whole mass; the idle is carried away by it, and the ardent is checked in his too hasty career.

Emulation, and that desire of imitating which is so instinctive in man, are great assistants to the teacher in instruction in singing. The stronger pupils excite the weaker; and not only is attention thus kept alive, but one pupil becomes the teacher of another. But even this general instruction will only half fulfil its object if it does not begin at an age when the organs of voice and hearing are not yet hardened, and the senses not yet locked up to new impressions; but when, being yet tender and flexible, they give way to each new impression. For this purpose, the years of childhood are not only the best, but the only suitable ones. The whole mechanical formation of the voice must precede the time of its breaking—its change. This remarkable period, which marks the entrance into the age of youth from that of childhood, has an immense influence on the formation of the voice. So far male and female voices stand on the same scale as to pitch. But as the body is developed, new and unknown feelings develop themselves in the soul; a new nature is awakened; the sexes separate; their voices are different from each other, and so is their language. This is particularly observable with boys. The high tones of the child's voice vanish or sink gradually an octave lower; and the soprano or alto voice of the boy is changed into the lower tenor or bass voice of the man. This time of changing lasts for a longer or shorter period, in proportion as the internal revolutions of nature are furthered or obstructed by temperament or external excitements. The boy loses in height one tone after another; the higher tones often vanish before the lower ones are formed; he almost loses voice and language; it often requires months—frequently weeks only are sufficient—and sometimes accidental external ex-

citements suddenly effect this change of nature in a few days, nay, even in one night.

The female voice retains its high tones; and the change is less apparent, but not the less violent. All opinions of the future formation before this time are mere conjectures; for a high voice is often transformed into a low one by this change, and a low voice into a high one; nay, the common, unpromising voice of the child often changes into a full, round voice, full of mettle, and with peculiar charms; while a beautiful voice often becomes a poor one, or is lost altogether. Generally, however, the female voice gains in power and charm, in roundness and fullness, and becomes, by addition in the higher or lower tones, of a decided character as a soprano or alto voice. To teachers and pupils this period is of particular importance; and the more so, since the way of living, as well as the singing itself, has a material influence on the change of the voice. To sing much, and still more to force the tones through the organs of the voice, which are at that time weak and inflexible, is particularly dangerous to the voice that is to be formed. By too great exertions during this period, the best capacities for a fine voice are often destroyed for the whole life: for singing during this time has an injurious influence on the health, and often causes evils of the chest. But the voice being formed at this time, and established for the whole lifetime, assuming a decided character, it is necessary that the whole mechanical instruction should precede this time.

It has been generally acknowledged and proved by the most exact examinations of physicians, and experience of teachers and parents, that singing in the years of childhood is not detrimental, but rather promotes the development of the chest, the strengthening of the lungs, and the cultivation of all the organs of the voice; the time to begin the instruction is self-evident. It is even quite suitable to begin it, in schools particularly, in the most tender age; for the children may participate in it playfully, and need not necessarily join in the singing constantly, and exert themselves beyond their strength, as is often the case in private instruction. There is no other kind of instruction that has so deep and effective influence on the future cultivation; often even without individual consciousness: and it is surprising to see how, by such an unconscious joining in the singing, the ear of the children appears to become refined, how the sense of rhythm is sharpened, and how pliant the voice appears in hitting melodic intervals when a more thorough instruction begins.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FUNERAL MARCH IN BEETHOVEN'S HEROIC SYMPHONY.

THE instruments chosen by Beethoven for this sublime composition are two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, three horns, two bassoons, drums, and the quartet of stringed instruments.

It begins abruptly with a fine melody of deep and concentrated grief, which is given *pp.* by the quartet; this is repeated by the oboe alone, sustained by the clarinets, horns, and bassoons, in holding notes, and by a blow on the drums at the commencement of each measure that fills the soul with terror, whilst the quartet executes another passage that sets off the principal melody and gives it more movement, but increases the gloom. Then, again, at the seventeenth measure the quartet alone gives a new melody which has not the dark harshness of the first, but rather a mournful expression, with a faint glimmering of a ray of hope. At the fifth measure, the horns begin in *C*, appearing like a voice from heaven to confirm a wavering faith in a better world to come! but no, this is dissipated by the appearance of the fearful drums *pp.* at the seventh measure; at the ninth the bassoons, in doleful accents, prepare for the primitive melody, and the violoncello then leads to its repetition in the fifth below *F* minor, one of the most plaintive and moving keys.

Beethoven, after having worked all this part admirably, terminates it in *C* minor; then quite simply, and by that means with prodigious effect, he modulates into *C* major: when this strikes our ears we imagine we see heaven open,—

let us listen to that consoling melody which the flute and oboe take alternately; the chest expands and we breathe more freely—we hope—the horns however soon overturn the cup which contains the balm of our consolation, and all is changed. At the third measure, what a hateful harmony—what restlessness and vague suffering is produced by those prolonged notes! the first and second violins accompany in triplets; this means nothing, but the basses with the tenors come in by a passage in imitation, to help to darken our sunshine of joy by an ingenious and ironical scepticism, producing a feeling of doubt, equal at least to over-balance the hope raised by the oboe and flute. After a forte by all the orchestra, a simple and touching melody enters with the violins; at this time the grief increases and appears most overpowering, followed by tears, expressed by the broken accents of the flute and violins. In listening to what follows in the quartet and wind instruments, we may imagine they answer each other in sighs and groans, and that we perceive at intervals a ray of consolation in the part of the clarinet, which disappears only to re-appear, but at last it remains—we are not mistaken—it increases—it extends—it dries up the tears—we become possessed by new feelings—we believe that the door which leads to salvation is not closed! With what power every one attaches himself to this blessed thought, like the wrecked sailors to the broken rigging of their vessel; this is admirably expressed by the fortissimo of all the instruments—but this relief is short—listen! Is all silent? No—not all: the quartet holds the note C in unison, to preserve them—to throw out a signal of distress. Wretched men! we behold them struggling in the vain hope of reaching the port—the waves have but sported with them to paint to their souls the power of Him about whom they have had all these fluctuations of hopes and fears! Here the quartet, by a solemn melody which descends as to the unknown depths, returns to that terrible passage in C minor with which the march begins. What an admirable conclusion!—all is now ended—nothing remains! nothing but the frozen voice of the opening melody which now appears still more bitter and cruelly scornful—the heart is withered—the eyes can shed no tears—it expresses a sorrow without remedy or even alleviation—no internal suffering can go beyond this, except the tortures of hell!

In this sublime composition nothing could be improved, nothing better felt or more truly coloured—every instrument speaks, sighs, hopes, and weeps—every melody is beautifully expressive, and may with every instrumental combination be translated into words and phrases.

All this effect is produced without the assistance of the big drum, the gong, or any of the material means that so many other composers introduce.

THE ADAGIO.

Any piece of music that lays claim to the merit, or even the name of a work of art, must present to the external organs of perception an internal state or feeling; and so too each separate part of it, which forms an independent whole by itself, must express a particular internal state, particular emotions excited in the interior of man. Music depicts chiefly emotions of the soul. The human soul is so constituted, that feelings of a sweet, tender, or sad kind love to dwell on their subject. Everything that stands in any connection with them, even the opposite feelings, they like to bring into relation; and therefore the modification of the feelings in these cases proceeds but slow and hesitatingly, and the transition through its associations advances with caution. The adagio, therefore, in regard to time, is the very form in which to express these feelings; it being a slow movement, even slower than "lento."

The nature of the feelings thus described, as expressed by the adagio, demands, as well for the composer as the performer, certain rules by which both must be guided, or they will miss their object, viz., the impression which they intend. The adagio serves for the expression of tender and sad feelings their emotions being of a slower tendency: they go, therefore, much more cautiously, and with much more measured rhythm through the whole circle of their associations; and

for this reason there must be no flourish, no elaborate embellishments in the adagio; it must be kept as simple as possible; but every tone must have its full weight; for each represents a new step in the emotion of the feelings.

All the feelings, the language of which is slow and considerate, are also touching. The composer of an adagio has therefore to work more for the heart than for the imagination. Elaborate and artful figures will not therefore suit; for the more the heart is touched, the less active is wit. The harmonization requires the greatest care; for the different degrees of the emotions intended to be represented are expressed by it; and it is therefore necessary that the succession of the harmony should always progress, if possible, in an equally graduated affinity, without any digression or inversion. The relations also, of these emotions, are, as we have observed before, sometimes directed to their contrast; but never immediately or suddenly, and therefore all showy cadenzas and such as are unexpected or not sufficiently prepared, as well as too bold modulations, must be carefully avoided in the adagio. This contrast meets its most faithful and most touching representation rather in enharmonic changes of the key; but these also must not occur too often.

Above all it is advisable not to make this movement too long; for having always and throughout an impassioned expression, it will soon tire the listener. Some composers like to protract it, and draw a happy thought out to such a length that at last nothing is left. This is decidedly wrong. The same thought ought only to be repeated after everything that is connected with it has been expressed; and then it is time to conclude the adagio. One moment of ennui spoils the effect of the whole piece.

Not less difficult than the composition of an adagio is its execution: partly because, from the slowness of the time, the smallest fault, and the least tone that is not correspondent with the feeling that is represented by it, will be easily detected; and partly because it very easily assumes, from the want of variety in the means of representation, a certain very tiresome and disagreeable dullness, if the whole is not enlivened by an execution full of power and expression. But this life must not consist of embellishments, mannerisms, &c., which are for the same reasons to be avoided in the execution as in the composition: but it must be effected by a correct and well-studied accentuation. Embellishments and variations in the melody are altogether inadmissible: but the nicest shades of softness and force of tone (*piano* and *forte*), and the tones well connected and bound together withal, corresponding to the close connection and transition of the different feelings to be expressed—these are the means that must be applied. But we are sure that all the rules we can give, and the most careful instruction, will not enable any body to play an adagio well, unless he be capable of entering into the spirit and soul of the composer, and particularly of putting himself into a state of sweet and tender susceptibility; thus making the feeling, which the music is to express, his own. The adagio may therefore well be called the touchstone of the taste, the imagination, and the musical education of a virtuoso: but, alas! how few will stand the test. It requires a great deal of experience, a well-cultivated mind, and a heart susceptible of delicate feelings. Any other kind of composition may, without these qualities, be executed to admiration; but an adagio will fail where they are wanting.

We will conclude this article with a remark of Baumbach in his "Manual of the Fine Arts." He says—"That a good execution of an adagio requires many talents and qualities is very evident from the scarcity of virtuosos that excel in it. The task of the virtuoso is, by simple tones, to represent the intention, the feeling of the composer; but in order to give effect to simple tones, their cultivation requires a long and assiduous study, and their qualities must be, firmness, the linking of the sounds, flexibility, and equality.

Master compositions of this style of music are, the adagios in Mozart's Symphonies, in Lafont's Violin Concerts, and in some of Mozart's operas, &c.

Master performers of them are mostly found among the virtuosos on stringed instruments; which, from their power of expression, and nice gradation in the shades of *piano* and *forte*, are best formed for the execution of an adagio. We mention, among the violin virtuosos, Viotti and A. Romberg, in their time; and

at present, L. Spohr, A. Lafont, Olé Bull, and Molique : among the violoncellists, B. Romberg. As to other instruments, we would mention Chopin on the pianoforte, and Baermann on the clarinet.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

A NATIONAL OPERA.

MY DEAR SIR—With all possible respect for the opinions of others, I cannot but think that if they were to consider the subject of the national opera in the light of a *fugue*, and keep to the *subject*, allowing for a few episodes ; now and then we should be more likely to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, than by making it a mere *fantasia*, wherein a multitude of ideas are introduced totally irrelevant to the subject.

I perceive you are deluged with correspondence, containing a variety of speculations which have every merit in them but that of being to the point. Writing, however useful, is merely an auxiliary, therefore I would once more urge the propriety of calling a meeting. We do not require a multitude to begin with ; two, three, a half a dozen would be sufficient to reduce the thing into a palpable form, and when the pioneers have cleared the way, the army can easily follow.

If it would not be trespassing upon your time too long, I would beg to suggest to some of your correspondents that, in an undertaking like this, no good end is to be obtained by indulging in satirical humour or personal recriminations ; it only excites the passions, and prevents that calm and dispassionate argumentation so indispensable in a matter of such importance as the present.

There is another point indirectly bearing upon our present discussion : I mean "Royal Patronage."

Now, my dear sir, I do not think this so indispensably necessary as some of your correspondents imagine. A late application to court has totally failed, therefore the best course to pursue is, when this undertaking is in operation, to endeavour to convince the public, the true supporters of any national work, by the unvarying excellence of the productions and performances, that the want of royal favour is attributable to caprice and an undue preference for *foreign artistes*, and not to any want of merit in the performances themselves. No, sir, let a British national opera convince the British musical public that there is a rich vein of ore in their hallowed soil which only wants working.

I perceive another correspondent has adopted my signature. As I was the first under it, I beg to subscribe myself, my dear sir, yours, &c.

July 8, 1840.

A YOUNG COMPOSER, PRIMO.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR—Your correspondent, "Spectator," who is a very *imperfect* cyclopædia *either walking or sitting*, and who, by the way, would do well to consult his Latin Grammar occasionally, takes upon himself to uphold the third and fourth rate continental composers to the detriment of the whole mass of English writers ; but he drives his bark upon so well known a breaker, that he proves himself a most unskilful pilot. Antinational "Spectator" says, that "our talent" (musical of course) is very inferior to the talent on the continent, not forgetting Rossini. How long is it since Rossini wrote an opera ? (Auber, Meyerbeer, Halévy ! and Berlioz !!) Now if "Spectator" were conversant with his subject, he would be aware that our annual exhibitions at the National Gallery certainly equal, if not—as many, and perhaps not inferior judges to "Spectator," think—surpass the biennial *expositions** of the Louvre, and that the English surpass the French in most branches of painting. I therefore agree with "Spectator's" position : *our "musical" talent is as inferior as our painting talent is inferior—neither more nor less.* If Bennett, Loder, Macfarren, and Mudie surpass the foreign composers as triumphantly as Eastlake, Etty, Turner, Uwins, &c., the foreign limners, then am I perfectly satisfied with our musical *status*. "Spectator" can hardly mean to compare our collection by the old masters with that of the Louvre, as what, in heaven's name, can our gallery of foreign pictures have to do with the comparative talent of the two countries ?—singularly enough the few English works which are to be found there certainly *surpass* the mass of paintings in the *salle de l'École Française*—indeed, I challenge "Spectator" to name a series of pictures in any continental collection equal in its way to Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*.—Yours, &c.

W. L. P.

* N. B. The exhibition at the Louvre is now annual.—ED. M. W.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR—Allow a hitherto silent, but not the less enthusiastic admirer of your noble efforts in favour of the English composers, to say one word on a subject he has so deeply at heart. One of your correspondents (I think "Indicator") lays the musical insignificance of our native artists at the door of false delicacy in stating their opinions. I wholly agree with him. As a proof positive, let me refer you to a letter which appeared in your last number, signed "Spectator," which I strongly suspect to have proceeded from Professor Edward Taylor, the Gresham luminary, and avowed enemy to the musicians of England, and the academy in particular. This letter, by its virulence and the ironical colour of its remarks, shows plainly the deep sensation which the bold speaking of your correspondent "Indicator" has produced. There exists a class of men, Mr. Editor, who would go absolutely wild if it were once generally allowed that the English were on any thing like an equality with the foreign composers. Of this class I fancy Mr. "Spectator" is a member, or why should he be so annoyed at the possibility of Messrs. Bennett, Mudie, and Loder, being superior to the unpronounceable list of German names he catalogues? I know but little (I am ashamed to say) of Mr. Bennett's music, but what I have heard (an overture entitled *Parisina*, a concerto, and capricio for the piano and orchestra), appears to me of a very high order, and assuredly superior to the abominable rubbish so pruriently created by our friends Lindpaintner, Kalliwoda, Reissiger and Lachner. I am not acquainted with the music of Mr. Mudie, but bow to the high opinion entertained of him by his brother professors. As to Mr. Loder (I presume Mr. Edward Loder is meant) I can only say that I have so great an idea of his abilities, that I would not disgrace him by comparing him to the best of the modern Germans, putting Spohr and Mendelssohn out of the question. I heard the late Ferdinand Ries (whose opinion was assuredly of some value, even though opposed to that of "Spectator") assert frankly and liberally that there was no young man among the musical students of Germany with half the talent of Edward Loder. Though I have not heard his *Red Riding Hood*, I can readily believe all that "Indicator" relates of its merits. Your "Spectator" indignantly asks, what Mr. Potter has done to entitle him to the schooling of such men (such men!!) as Lindpaintner and Lachner? This at once satisfactorily proves to me that he is a very indifferent amateur, however impartial he may be as a spectator, and that his *amor patriæ* (as he calls it, exulting in bad latinity) is about as small in importance as his critical acumen is insignificant. Mr. Potter is one of the most distinguished musicians of Europe, universally acknowledged so *wherever music is understood*, whereas your four German geniuses are incapable of writing a sustained work of any interest. All I can say on the subject is, that I am inexpressibly delighted that an Englishman has had the boldness to express his contempt for these foreign schoolboys, who (in spite of "Spectator") would do well to produce a *Killecrankie* (this he supposes a Hebrew word because it is the production of a Jew-son!) which is at any rate three degrees superior to the overture of *Der Vampire*, *Faust*, *Nero*, and *Yelva*, or that stupendous symphony of Mr. Kalliwoda in D, together with the precious prize (!) symphony of M. Oury—Lachner. By the bye, talking of obscurities, who, in the name of Neptune, is Mr. Lobe? He must be a German *Killecrankie*. I am, Mr. Editor, yours truly,

Cirencester-place, July 11.

AGATHON.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR—Your unfortunate correspondent, "A Lover of Music," has raised such a swarm of hornets round him for presuming to doubt the genius of such great men as Barnett and Loder, that it is almost dangerous to coincide with his opinions. The postscript of his letter seems to have passed unnoticed, and that purposely, by the clever men who have thrown Weber into the shade and utterly extinguished Beethoven. The fact is that all this stir is made from sheer jealousy, excited by the numerous engagements which foreigners procure from their superior merit, and in every plan proposed you will notice a hankering after names, a sort of tuft-hunting, which is highly edifying. The reason why music does not flourish in this country is, that it is not procurable by the main body of the public, from the high price required for its enjoyment. The Musard concerts succeed very well with their cheap admission, and completely prove that music, even by an Englishman, would meet with patronage if supplied on reasonable terms. Your obedient servant,

BOB TANNER.

REVIEW.

Impromptu pour le Piano-forte, compose par Frederic Chopin.

This composition has rather more interest for the musician than the usual run of productions by the disciples of the school to which M. Chopin belongs. An essential point in this, which may be termed the *exhibitive*, class of piano-forte-writing, seems to be the purposed avoidance of the *sonata*, *concerto*, or other regular forms of composition, and the adoption of the *fantasia*, *impromptu*, or some other vagrant affair of a similar kind in which lack of the attributes of scholarship is excused by the undefined nature of the work. Regularity of structure is easily dispensed with in an undertaking which has no recognized form; and thus are produced, with incredible rapidity, compositions for the piano-forte, intended merely as tests of manual dexterity, and which may be described as having beginnings and ends, but for the most part containing nothing between their extremes save scraps of themes uncouthly intermingled, and long streams of passages of which the difficulty is pretty generally understood to be the chief recommendation. Although belonging to the same class of writing, M. Chopin's *impromptu* is neither so outrageously difficult nor so deficient of musician-like treatment as most things of its kind. The principal subject is an elegant strain of melody, slightly pastoral in character, and sustained by an accompaniment, in two parts, very tastefully contrived. The repetition of this, an episode of a widely different character, and a kind of *coda* in which the theme may be detected amid a brilliant shower of demi-semiquavers assigned to the right hand, form the substance of a piece which, though it cannot be considered classical, has, at least, many points of imaginative beauty to recommend it.

Afton Water. Ballad, composed by Thomas W. Ellis.

A piece of genuine simplicity. Verily, it is long since we have seen an instance in which the divine art of composition was handled with such child-like innocence.

German and Italian Melodies, arranged for the Piano-forte and Violoncello, by F. A. Kummer.

The first book of these arrangements, now lying before us, contains the "Sul aria," from Mozart's *Figaro*, the *andante* from the three-horn-song of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and something from the *Capuletti e Montecchi* of Bellini, to which—not being sufficiently well-read in the works of that composer—we cannot assign a name. We can only say further that the selections are well arranged, and that we recommend them to amateurs of the exquisite instrument for which they appear more especially designed.

The Battle Dream. Song written and composed by Sir J. E. De Beauvoir, Bart.

This comes of a man's meddling with that for which he has no calling, and assuredly of neither poetry nor music, can we trace one scintilla in the printed labours of Sir J. E. de Beauvoir. With the verses we have no concern, although they unquestionably are doggerel of the first water; but of the music—setting aside its most grievous attempt at the descriptive—the beauty and interest may be fairly inferred from our assurance that in the course of five pages it never once leaves its original key. Truly such things are lamentable defilements of the muses and their temple.

Pity. A Canzonet composed by E. H. Lindsay Sloper.

This is a very sweet little song, set half in the minor, and half in the major, of E flat. The melody is graceful, expressive, and extremely well accompanied, and the two short pages which make up the whole composition, exhibit more of the true musician's feeling than we can often discover in works of four times the extent and pretension.

Music the fiercest grief can charm. Song composed by Chas. W. Corfe.

This is a clever, but nevertheless, ill-considered song. The first movement, in D minor, is quite in the modern style, having a great deal of energetic character, and reminding us of the manner of Schubert, while the last movement, in D major, although abundantly melodious and excellently accompanied claims to be dated

at least a century back, being in style somewhere between Handel and our own anthem-writers of that period. The beauty of both portions of the song we readily admit, but their juxtaposition is an error which we could not have expected, seeing the evidences of taste which they display in other ways.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

MADAME FILIPOWICZ'S CONCERT.—This concert took place on Monday, the 13th inst., at the residence of Sir G. Wilson, in Stratford-place, with a blaze of stars in the programme—*Ma cospetto che foglia ingannatrice!* Heaven help those who disburse their half-guineas in fond anticipation of hearing Messrs. Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache at morning concerts! On this occasion the two former of these gentlemen were incapacitated by "severe indisposition," and the latter by a special retainer from the palace. Madame Grisi was indeed visible for an instant, and sang, in a supercilious and off-hand manner, the trashy duet, "*Scendi nel piccol legno*," Rubini's share in the same being kindly undertaken by an artist whose name we do not, and wish not to recal. There is some danger of programmes becoming like epitaphs—proverbial for mendacity. Untoward accidents cannot always be prevented, but in the name of a liberal and much enduring public we must protest against such wholesale disappointment as that experienced here; it is not too much to call it a fraud indictable at common law. The great mystification is always this—"Who is to blame?" Still there is one straight and honourable path which should be trodden by all *beneficiaires*,—whenever it is found impossible to fulfil the promises of the programme let it be optional with the public to keep or return their tickets. The actual performance was richer in instrumental than in vocal effects: one of Romberg's quartetts was capitably played by Messrs. Blagrove, W. Blagrove, Hill, and Hausmann, and a portion of De Beriot's Tremolo Concerto was afterwards given by the first-named gentleman with a fire that made us wish for the remainder. The vocal tissue was *sans couleur*; one particular gem, however, shone conspicuous, we mean Herr Kroff's performance of a delightful polacca by Spohr, which caused many an eye to twinkle. There are many singers of much greater reputation than Herr Kroff who execute this or that because it is set down for them, but are themselves as much moved by the music to which they are giving expression, as if they were stones or wooden blocks. Herr Kroff evidently feels and enjoys what he is singing, and never fails in making the true musician participate in his emotion.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

CHELTEMHAM.—*Amusements at Montpellier.*—The celebrated Distin Family have given three grand concerts during the past week, in conjunction with Mme. Este, from Drury-lane, and Mdle. Schiller, from Berlin. The programme exhibited a very choice selection of pieces, and the time occupied in the performance was about two hours. The unrivalled talent of the Distins on their brass instruments is too well known for us to enlarge on now, but we may just mention one or two parts in which we think they excelled at the late concerts. The aria on the French horn "*Meco Tu Vieni O Misera*," by Mr. H. Distin, was truly wonderful; the exquisite shake which he introduced must have astonished any common performer on that instrument. The "*Echo Hunting Duet*," we look upon more as a curiosity—a production of singular effects—than as a piece of harmonious composition, but of the manner in which it was executed we cannot speak too highly. The "*O no we never mention her*," and "*Soldier Tired*," as performed by Mr. Distin, drew forth beauties from the trumpet which, up to the time of hearing Mr. Distin, we could not have supposed it possessed. "*The Light of other days*," by Mr. H. Distin, on his walking-stick cornetto, was chastely and expressively given. With regard to the ladies we have no hesitation in assigning to them a very first-rate place in the ranks of foreign vocalists:

Mme. Este's "Meet me in the willow glen," and Mlle. Schiller's German air, "Das Schafermädchen" pleased us best. The latter, on the first night of the performance, was deservedly encored.

MME. DORUS GRAS will re-visit this country in the autumn to fulfil her engagements at the approaching festivals.

ROSSINI is still ill at Boulogne; it is said that when he recovers he intends bringing out a new opera.

DONIZETTI is about to set out for Italy; he is going to compose an opera for the first theatre in Rome.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

Friday.—Evening—German Opera.

Saturday.—Morning—Fourth Royal Academy Concert. Evening—Italian Opera.

Monday.—Evening—German Opera.

Tuesday.—Evening—Italian Opera.

Wednesday.—Evening—German Opera.

Thursday.—Italian Opera.

Friday.—Evening—Miss Lanza's Concert, Hanover-square Rooms.

Promenade Concerts, Drury-lane Theatre, every evening.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank "A Dilettante" for his communication, and have severely censured our reporter for his carelessness. It is of course desirable that all concerts should be noticed by the same pen; this is not always possible, but the exceptions are rare.

"A rod for a rogue" is under consideration.

"A female (?) musician" is rather too ferocious for our pages.

"Patria" is informed that we have already published all the letters bearing in the remotest degree upon the subject in hand. We might fill two or three supplements with irrelevant matter, which none would read but the parties interested.

"Indicator's" last will never do, and must, at any rate, be postponed. He charges us with unfair treatment, little dreaming of the number of attacks on him that we have declined. There are three objections to his letter—it is very long; very personal; and without any tendency to promote the object we have in view. Moreover, we do not at all approve of his itch for taking random shots at anonyms: let him remember Mr. Ella and Il Fanatico, and other false scents in the Mozart controversy, and think it just possible that he may be wrong quoad Spectator: of whom, however, we know nothing. It must be added that her Majesty's English is treated with more than ordinary disrespect. What are we to say to such coinages as "pseudomen," "exenterrated," "asinine-ity," &c. &c.

PIANOFORTE.

Lanner.—Galops Elisir d'Amore—Champagner, Valencia, Zaphenstreich, and Beatrice

Kreutzer.—Overture Nachtlager in Grenada

Sturges, E.—Vivi tu; rondo

Westrop, E. J.—See the conquering hero; variations

Clinton, H.—Cinderella quadrilles

Kalliwoha.—Fantasie in E; op. 33

—Three grand rondos; op. 19

—Variations on a Tyrolean song; soprano, op. 77

Chopin.—Cent-et-un; grande valse; op. 42

—Grande sonata; op. 35

—Second impromptu; op. 36

Bertini.—Third edition of his twenty-five studies, in introductory to Cramer's; edited by C. Potter; op. 32

Hiller, F.—Twenty-four grand studies, op. 15; edited by C. Potter

Les Troubadours; nouveaux quadrilles

Jullien.—La Tarentelle de Belphegor

Mendelssohn, B.—First grand op. 1; arranged as quartett

Les troubadours; nouveaux quadrilles; as duet

Montmartre quadrille (Laveuses du Couvent); as duet

Spohr.—Third grand duet; op. 112

Quadrilles—Les troubadours; La figurante de Paris; Soirées des Tuilleries; for orchestra and quintett

MISCELLANEOUS.

Webb.—Instruction for viola

—ditto flute

Molique.—Fantaisie 'Masaniello'

Stevenson, J.—Mozart's Offertorium amavit eam Dominus, arranged as a voluntary for the organ

Bellini.—Bianca e Fernando; four hands and solo

Meyerbeer.—Emma von Rensburg; ditto

VOCAL.

Linley, G.—The minstrel knight; ballad

—Fare thee well, my ancient home

Nielson, E. J.—The stranger's heart

Sporle, N. J.—The voices of the free

—Here's health to the queen of England

Phillips, W.—The king of the wind

Schubert.—How glorious is the close of day

—Scene from Faust

—Know'st thou the land?

Blewitt, J.—St. George's flag of England; prize song

—Love and the seasons; ditto

Westrop, J.—Universal Psalmist; no. 8

Smith, C.—The vespers were sung and dark the night; trio

Linley, G.—Sister loved; song

Il Giuramento.—Ti creo per me; duet

—Era stella del matin; trio

—Fu celeste quel contento; aria

—Alla paci degli Eletti; preghiera

—A te il velen O perfida; terzetto

E. CHAPPELL begs to announce the following new publications:—The whole of the vocal music in Mercadante's opera *IL GIURAMENTO*, and Persiani's *INEZ DI CASTRO*, as now performing with the greatest success at Her MAJESTY'S THEATRE; also favourite airs in Books singly, and duets by *DIA-BELLI*. Fantasias by *CZERNY*, *BURGMÜLLER*, &c. &c.

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I know that the summer is come.....	2 0
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The Pearl-diver.....	2 0
My gondoletta; duet.....	2 6

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

The blind man's bride.....	2 0
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O take me back to Switzerland.....	2 0
The name.....	2 0
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We are the wandering breezes; duet.....	2 0

SELECT LIST OF NEW SONGS.

Dream on, young hearts; 2s..... N. J. Spörle.
Sister loved; 2s..... G. Linley.
In early childhood's smiling morn; dedicated by permission to H.R.H. Prince Albert; 2s.

H. J. St. Leger.

Dear friend of infancy; 2s..... Ditto.
The village church in yonder vale, 2s..... J. Barnett.
O 'tis sweet through the grove; 2s..... Ditto.
The remembrance of those that are gone; 2s.

G. A. Macfarren.

Ah, why do we love? 2s..... Ditto.
Queen of the sea; sung by Mme. Vestris; 2s.

H. R. Bishop.

The bells, the bells of evening; sung by Mrs.

Waylett; 2s..... A. Lee.

La Notte; arietta; 2s..... Rubini.

L'addio; melodia; 1s. 6d..... Schubert.

Il Canto delle alpi; 1s. 6d..... Negri.

La sera d'estate; 2..... Ditto.

Per l'aure tacite; 2s..... Gughelmo.

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TO CATHEDRAL CHOIRS, CHORAL SOCIETIES, &c.

By the waters of Babylon; verse anthem, composed by the late Dr. Clarke Whitfield, Prof. Mus. Cam. Price 5s. Several copies of the above anthem to be disposed of at very reduced rates proportioned to the number taken.—Applications addressed to C. Lonsdale, musiceller, 26, Old Bond-street, London, will be immediately attended to.

THE ECCENTRIC SNUFF-TAKER.

Should trade be dull and times go rough,
Oh! give me then a pinch of snuff;
Give me my box a pinch to take,
E'en when I'm pleased for pleasure's sake.
When fortune's frowns disturb my mind,
And friends appear to grow unkind;
Relief I seek within my box,
My system is quite orthodox.
When a true friend perchance I meet,
I cheerfully his person greet,
A hearty "how d'ye do?" takes place,
When lo! my snuff-box shows its face.
My pulveriferous box supplies
A recipe for weakly eyes;
That man must be a silly goose
Who thoughtlessly condemns its use.
If my proboscis could but speak,
'Twould often say the dose repeat;
Each grateful sneeze and titillation
Excites a frequent iteration,
Then here's my glass, in which I toast
Success to that which I love most.
Reader, I pray, don't think me bluff—
Mark well the hint!—'tis GRIMSTONE'S SNUFF.
April 27. W. H. H. E. Cooper's Arms, Bristol.

To Mr. W. Grimstone,

39, Broad-street, Bloomsbury.

A few cases of sight restored by Grimstone's Snuff:—**J. B. Lachfield**, Esq., Whitehall, and Thatched-house Tavern, cured of ophthalmia: (read his letter attested by G. J. Guthrie, Esq., F.R.S., &c.) **G. W. M. Reynolds**, Esq., 36, Upper Stamford-street, London, cured of excruciating pains in the head by using this snuff. **George Smith**, Esq., 6, York-place, Kentish-town, weakness and dimness of sight cured by its use; Feb. 10, 1840. **Mrs. Eliz. Robson**, aged 66, 19, Bell-street, Edgware-road, cured of ophthalmia and deafness; March 23, 1840. **Mrs. Ann Cole**, aged 69, 7, Skinner's Aims-houses, Mile-end, sight restored, head-ache and deafness cured, Jan. 9, 1840. This celebrated Eye Snuff is manufactured from highly aromatic herbs. The above is only a part of the many thousand cures effected by the constant use of this delightful restorative! It is sold in canisters at 1s. 3d., 2s. 4d., 4s. 4d., 8s., and 15s. 6d. each. None are genuine that have not the signature of the Inventor, **W. GRIMSTONE**, and bearing the patronage of the Queen's arms, his late Majesty, **H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent**, and authorised by the Lords of the Treasury.

"Loyal je serai durant ma vie."

CRAMER, ADDISON, & BEALE, 201, Regent St.
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Z. T. PURDAY, High Holborn.
JOHN LEE, 440, West Strand.